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The background of the book cover is a light cream color, adorned with a large, intricate spider web in the upper left corner. Scattered across the entire surface are numerous butterflies in various sizes and colors, including yellow, orange, and pale green. Some butterflies are shown in flight, while others are perched on thin, dark stems. The central title area is a rectangular label with a light tan background, featuring a silver-colored horn graphic above the title text.

# HEAVEN AND EARTH

AN ANTI-PHONY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED

BY W. ST. JOHN HARPER

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

\* HEAVEN AND EARTH \*  
AN ANTIPODE

By EDITH M. THOMAS

Illustrated by half-tone Engravings after Original Designs by

W. ST. JOHN BARPER



NEW YORK  
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MDCCLXXXIX

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H 4  
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a.m.v., July 18, 1930

“The guardian of the lilies.”







The guardian of the lilies,  
Where lilies do not fade,  
Upon a morn of Heaven  
Her round in gladness made;  
And as her blessed fingers  
Upon each bloom she laid,  
They, heedful of her presence,  
In lovely transport swayed.



“It was a budding woodland  
Beside a river's flow.”







Their swaying woke the lilies

Where brief the lilies blow.—

It was a budding woodland

Beside a river's flow;

The lily-ward of Heaven

Looked down with eyes aglow,

For still she loved the pleasure,

Where she had dwelt below.



Still dear the sighing lilies

Where lilies soon are shed;

To hear their faint responses,

She bent her shining head.—

“Rejoice with you we cannot,

For Deathward are we sped.”

“Nay, life leads Death a captive,

And there shall be no dead.”



"The herald of the day-dawn  
Where waking sows no rue."







The herald of the day-dawn

Where waking sounds no rue,

Upon a morn of Heaven

A clear reveille blew.

All round the fadeless bosage

The mellow echoes flew;

A thousand songsters carolled

Amid the leaves and dew.



Their carols woke the wood-bird,

Where winged life and song

Still flee before the tempest,

Still fear the fowler's wrong.

"Rejoice with you we cannot,

Death herds our fluttering throng."

"Nay, life will you deliver,

For you to life belong."



"The seraph-child of rapture."







The seraph-child of rapture,  
Where joy to souls is leal,  
Upon a morn of Heaven  
Made all the bells to peal.  
The morning-stars, and planets  
That through wide orbits wheel,  
In unimagined anthems  
Resounded Heaven's weal.



Their anthems woke the spirits  
That strive in mortal clay.—  
“Rejoice with you we cannot,  
Death hems us so each way.”  
“Nay,” said the seraph, smiling,  
“Death shall not you betray;  
For I am Love Immortal,  
And me shall Death obey.”

*Editb M. Thomas.*







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